HELPING YOUNG SINGERS

LOANS THAT MAKE SUCCESS IN OPERA POSSIBLE.

New Yorkers Generous to Young Talent —Emma Eames and Geraldine Farrar Enabled to Study Abroad by Timely Aid—Usual Plan in Europe Different.

Mary Garden is not the first American prima donna to pay back money advanced for her musical education, although such transactions are not always attended with so much publicity.

It was only a few months ago that another young American singer returned what an admiring friend had lent her to pay her way through the years of study and those first seasons of singing that mean so little in a financial way to the singer. This was Geraldine Farrar, who had received from a Boston matron sufficient money to enable her to cultivate the natural talents that have brought her to her present position.

Now the money has been returned, and while the affair had none of the interesting features that accompanied the repayment of the loan Miss Garden obtained in Chicago, Miss Farrar and her benefactor are said not to be on as good terms as they once were. Yet this often happens. Miss Farrar had no trouble in finding the amount she needed. There were many persons willing to supply the money, and the woman who first succeeded in getting the privilege of advancing it was regarded as fortunate.

Emma Eames is another American who had her education provided for by the kindness of a wealthy Bostonian who was interested in music and convinced that she had promising talent. She paid him back not only in money but also by demonstrating his good judgment.

When Edith Walker wrote to W. K. Vanderbilt and told him that she needed $1,000 to continue her musical studies and that lacking it she would have to come home, he sent her a check without questioning her further. She paid him back, but without that money just at that time her musical education would have come to an end.

Two well known New York women have undertaken to support abroad an American girl who is to find there the experience in operatic routine impossible to secure in this country. They are sending her $2,500 a year and her début in a German opera house the other day promises to show how well invested the money is. There are few wealthy women in New York who have not some protégé studying in Europe.

How ready New Yorkers are to give was recently shown in the case of a young girl from the West who had been fortunate enough to sing for a prima donna and had been told that she had enough voice to make it seem certain that she would have a career. This singer promised to do something for her to make it possible for her to develop her talents.

The girl supported her father and mother by singing in concert whenever she got the chance and teaching all day. Such a manner of life was of course certain to ruin her natural powers. It was indispensable to her career that she should study in Europe. The prima donna promised to take her after a certain amount of study with her old teacher.

The young girl came to New York, sang for a well known musical amateur and pleased him. He was the first to contribute to her support and education abroad, although he said he wished to have others join him in the maintenance of the fund. The singer was occupied with perparations for departing from this country, but she determined that the young girl should have her education assured before she sailed, so she wrote four letters to men of wealth and to one woman friend. The result was that this young American started for Europe with enough to insure her education and maintenance until the prima donna can take her under her wing.

In several cases a wealthy New Yorker has contributed as much as $500 to help young musicians, merely on the recommendation of a person in whose judgment he had confidence. Two young violinists were studying simultaneously in the same town in Belgium through his generosity. Of the New Yorkers who contributed to the fund for the prima donna's protégée every one had some other object of the same kind of artistic pilanthropy.

Gustav Mahler was astonished the other afternoon to hear of the various artists who had been educated through the generosity of Americans. There are of course many such cases in Europe, but there are fewer millionaires abroad, and such deeds are regarded much less as a matter of course.

The more usual method abroad is for the pupil to promise the teacher a certain share of his earnings for a fixed number of years. Something typical of this way of getting a start happened in the case of Edrico Caruso.

If there ever was a God given voice the Italian tenor possesses it. He has been known to disclaim possessing the great art of some of his colleagues, but so far as his natural endowments go there can be no question as to the beauty of his voice. Caruso was a poor Neapolitan laborer, however, and there was no money to pay for his musical education.

Carlo Vergine, the teacher who heard him sing, did not recognize any great beauty in his voice, and while Caruso studied with him did not hesitate to say that he had little expectation of any great accomplishment from the poor pupil. Teachers have been known to express this same opinion concerning their pay in the future pupils before this; but Vergine continued to teach Caruso on the ground that he ought to help him along, and when he was ready to appear in public there had to be a discussion of terms.

When they separated Caruso's teacher said he would draw up an agreement concerning the terms of the payments, which the tenor should sign. It may have been that Vergine really thought that the tenor had little opportunity to make any large fees and that his only chance for compensating himself for his lessons lay in making the contract cover a long period. At all events he wrote a contract requiring the tenor to pay him 25 per cent of his earnings during "five years of singing." This, the maestro said, meant that for five times three hundred and sixty appearances one-quarter of his earnings must go to the instructor.

Of course Signor Caruso's earnings rapidly increased in amount. No recent singer of Italy had the pleasure of seeing his income jump up in the same way, so it looked as if there was a fortune in store for Vergine. Caruso paid the percentage to his teacher for more than two years before he told one of his friends, impresario of a theatre in Naples, how much Vergine was making out of him. Through the advice of the impresario the matter was taken to court and the Judge promptly decided that the education Caruso had received from his teacher was not worth any such sum, and the payments came to an end.

In the same way a French teacher made an agreement with a tenor now singing at the Paris Opéra which bound the tenor to pay him a certain sum for five years and not to accept any engagements without first having put into his contract a clause declaring that a certain percentage of what he earned should go to his teacher. The teacher died and his widow endeavored to force the tenor to continue the payments. The matter getting into court it was decided that the whole arrangement was unjust to the singer, who was found, like Caruso, to have paid enough.

Signor Amato is a Neapolitan. He was able to get an education by assistance from his father, who sold and manufactured soaps and perfumes, which are popular with the average Neapolitan, even if water is not. He sang in Sorrento, Bari, Salerno and very small cities before he got a reputation, and when he went to sing first in Germany the company was so modest in character that it was never possible for its members to travel in sleeping cars, and when they could not journey in the third class compartments in the daytime they had to sit up all night.

Riccardo Martin was able to get two needed years of study in Europe through the kindness of a wealthy New Yorker who is supposed to have millions, but gives so liberally to music that he complained last winter that he could not afford to have his drawing room furniture done over, much as it was needed. All of his income that was put aside for luxuries went to music.

None of the singers ever started out in life with smaller financial equipment than Marcella Sembrich, a fact which has inclined her to look out for others. It was impossible for her father to help her, so Jean de Janowitsch, an old Pole, was her benefactor. He had a small income, was devoted to music, and was even a composer in a small way. His songs were full of Polish feeling.

He had a passion for discovering talent in the young, and when he found Mme. Sembrich at the age of 6 playing the piano skilfully with only her father as her teacher he was delighted to enable her to go to the conservatory at Lemberg. Of course what Grandfather Janowitsch could give was small in comparison with the amounts advanced by others to-day, but it seemed a fortune to the little Kochanska, who was enabled through it to spend her days in study in the conservatory. It was only her talent for the piano that Grandfather Janowitsch was interested in and he would never listen to any suggestion that she cultivate her voice.

Mme. Melba's father, Mr. Mitchell of Melbourne, always had ample means, so it was not difficult for her to obtain her musical education. An Italian singing teacher in Australia, Signor Cecchi, once brought suit against her for what he alleged was an unpaid bill for lessons; but nobody aware of Mme. Melba's generosity ever took any stock in the story.

All the time Olive Fremstad was in Europe the generosity of two New York women made existence easier and pleasanter for her. They supplied her with clothes and other equally acceptable articles.

Bessie Abott, after she retired from the music hall stage, found friends who paid for her musical education here in New York and in Paris on the strength of an opinion from Jean de Reszke that she was destined to be a great singer.

The musical education of Francesco Mario Guardabassi in Paris was paid for by a young New Yorker of wealth. He was with Jean de Reszke for three years, and was it supposed that his teacher was training him out of the goodness of his heart.

It is not only to individuals that New Yorkers are generous. They contribute much to the support of musical organizations. In the subscription fund for the maintenance of the new Philharmonic Society two contributors have promised $10,000 for three years. Several others have subscribed $5,000 for the same period. Then one New Yorker is said to be ready to make good an opera deficit even if it amounts to several hundreds of thousands of dollars. He made only one stipulation, that the opera was to be conducted in accordance with his ideas.

THE KING'S BELL RECOVERED.

A Corean Gift 700 Years Under the Sea Now Rings Again.

A great Corean bell which for 700 years had been lying twenty fathoms below the waves off the shore of Chikuzen province, Japan, has just been raised through the efforts of a Japanese antiquarian and now, crusted as it is with the sea waste of centuries, it stands on exhibition at Kanegasaki.

According to tradition, which is only partially borne out by ancient documents, the King of Corea decided seven centuries ago that he would send a fitting token of his respect to Kiyomori, the powerful leader of the Heike clan, on the west coast of the southern island of Kiushiu. He ordered the royal bell founders, many and expert in those days, cast a bell.

The dimensions were to be these: In height, one jo, six shaku; in diameter, eight shaku, nine sun; and a circumference of two jo, eight shaku, seven sun. Tradition says it was a great bell, and in the absence of translated proportions tradition must rule in the abstract in this particular.

The bell was successfully cast and was loaded on a mammoth junk at the Corean town of Masampeo. The junk and a fleet of convoys sailed for the coast of Chikuzen in Japan, when all of the royal augurs had agreed upon an auspicious day. The augurs were not up in their business, for about half a mile off the Japanese haven a heavy sea tipped the junk and the gift of the Corean King plunged into the sea.

No attempt was made either by the emissaries of the King or the retainers of the Prince of Heike to fish for the bell. Within a hundred years the descendants of the Prince were crossing over the sunken bell in war forays against the Kings of Corea and the junks of the Coreans ravaging the coasts of Kiushiu.

But among the folks of the Japanese island there sprang legends and rainy night tales about the sunken bell of the Corean King. When the sea raged the fishermen declared they could hear the booming of the great bronze cup on the sea's bed, and in time of earthquakes the sea folk along the shore listened to hear the mad tolling of the bell, which they were sure would sound the signal for a tidal wave.

Last year it was that Yamamoto Kikutaro, a man of wealth of the province and devoted to the collection of ancient art objects, began to search for the ancient bell. Through the fishermen he succeeded in locating it after long effort, and last month divers raised it to the surface.

The bell has been cleaned of its corroding mass of barnacles and found to be still whole. It will soon be taken to Kyoto, there to be hung in the Hongwanji temple.

SMALLEST HOUSE IN LONDON

STUCK IN THE CENTRE OF THE BEST RESIDENCE DISTRICT.

It's Six Feet Wide and Thirty Feet Deep and Has Been Unused for Years—Hall Downstairs and One Room Above All It Contains—Land Belongs to Convent.

LONDON, March 27.—This spring the hitherto inhospitable door of "the smallest house in London" is to be opened to such of the sightseeing tourists who visit the metropolis as care to penetrate into its tiny interior.

In the heart of ultrafashionable London, opposite Hyde Park, this little house is flanked on either side by imposing stone residences, but its own dimensions are width six feet, depth thirty feet and in height it reaches half way up the second story of its tall neighbors. It has a front door that leads into a long narrow passage way. Walking through that and out at the back one sees the only staircase the house possesses. It closely resembles a fire escape, as it is on the outside of the building and is scarcely more than an iron ladder.

At the top of the ladder is the one and only room, a long narrow hall like place lighted by one large window. It is easy to stretch from one wall to the other, so limited is its width. There is no fireplace, for no chimney was ever put in the house and no water pipes have ever been laid in it. In fact no one has attempted to live in it for a great many years past.

London might well be christened "the city of wasted space," as any one knows who has roamed around the streets and seen the unused and unbuilt upon land in otherwise crowded districts. This absurd, tiny, useless house right in the midst of one of the most fashionable residential districts in the metropolis is an example of wasted space, and the lanes and squares in other parts of the city which serve no purpose, and which might have been added to the buildings on either side of them, are further evidences.

Why the smallest house was not divided between the two residences which flank it is a problem. All the land around it belongs to a rich convent situated in an adjacent street. When the two large houses were put up evidently the builders leased just enough land from the convent to erect such houses as they wished and left between the two residences this six feet of space. It was not wide enough to cut a street through, and besides a street would only have led into the convent gardens. The sisters, perhaps fearing some such contingency, built this shell of a house which preserves the continuity of the handsome block of residences and nowadays is let with the house to the right of it, though it is absolutely distinct from it and has no connecting doors at all.

It is a most embarrassing possession indeed to the owners of the large house, for they must keep it painted on the outside and have fresh curtains and window boxes so that it will not spoil the appearance of the other houses in the row. Its one room is of course quite useless, for a five foot wide room with no heat or water is like Whitechapel in discomfort, yet the rent they would have to ask would be like Park Lane in its figures, so naturally the tiny house stands idle and unused and is a small but none the less undoubted white elephant.

The sisters of the convent have reserved the right to walk in at the front door and through the ground floor passage into the lane at the back which leads into their garden any time they please, but as a matter of fact they only avail themselves of the privilege once a year and then they file slowly along it by twos, just to keep the right of way through their property according to English law.

Of course there is nothing of interest to see in the little house. The one room is distinctly ugly and evidently no one has ever lived in it long enough to take the slightest interest in decorating or embellishing it, so if tourists were able to avail themselves of the privilege of going through it it would only be interesting as an example of the absurdity of some of the English ground laws and land leases.

THE SMALLEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

MR. GNAGG JUST SURPRISED

AS HE LOOKS UPON THE TRAPS MEN ARE CAUGHT WITH.

While He Would Not Criticise Feminine Fashions, He Can and Does Suggest Some Improvements—For One Thing He'd Let 500 Button Dresses Alone.

Mr. Gnagg, having finished dressing, with Mrs. Gnagg's assistance as valet, for an evening out, squats himself in her dressing room while she is making her toilet and helps her along with the following comment:

Going to put those papier maché slippers on, eh? Huh! To-morrow you'll be mooching around the place with one of those colds of yours and wondering how you got it.

How's that? They're not papier maché but suède? Well, what's the difference? All comes to the same thing. The tops of 'em only reach about half way up your toes, and your whole foot is exposed to wind and weather, especially with those tissue paper stockings you've got on. Silk, eh? Well, they look like veiling to me, and you just can't help taking a chance on pneumonia or pleurisy or bronchitis or some other fool thing when you go out rigged that way.

'Nother thing about those Swedish slippers—how's that? Oh, yes, suède—well, suède, then—'nother thing about them is that they make a woman's feet look as big as all outdoors. Your feet right now look as if you had got on a pair of regular army brogans. Even with the heels of those slippers placed right under the instep the flatboats can't be made to look small.

Death and desolation in those heels too, if you're asking me. Why, if a man had to wear shoes or slippers with the heels smack dab under the instep for ten minutes at a stretch he'd go nutty and run amuck and bite a whole lot of people to death and the National Guard 'd have to turn out and fetch him down with a gatling gun.

B'jinks, it's a wonder to me that a woman can live twenty minutes the way she dresses. Now I can understand why you're generally so peevish and irritable and things when you go out anywhere with me. Look at the mincing little steps you're taking! Now I understand why you tippytoe and poke along the way you do. With those high heels and the rest of the impeding apparatus you wear it's a wonder you can walk from here to the elevator.

How's that? A woman must wear the things that other women wear? Oh, I don't know so much about that. Why must she? What for?

Just because a woman's a woman she doesn't have to be a sheep, does she? If other women want to murder 'emselves with that kind of paraphernalia, is that any reason why you should feel the same way about it?

How's that? Men wear the same kind of clothes? All men wear derby hats, for instance? Oh, of course. There you go, as usual. Trying to veer the thing around.

Who's talking about what men wear? The case is different with men, anyhow. There isn't anything else for a man to wear except a derby hat, is there. That is, unless he wants to wear a soft hat or a green cap or some other fool thing.

What men wear hasn't anything to do with what I'm talking about, anyhow. I'm going to buy you a dime book on logic some of these days and insist upon your sitting down and reading a page or two of it every day.

Look a-here, d'ye mean to tell me that that's all the hair of your own that you possess? Ha, ha! Well, if that isn't a joke of a crowning glory proposition, then you can search me.

D'ye mean to say that you can twist and distort that hair around the ten or fifteen pounds of rats and puffs and things that you wear on your head and make folks think that the store stuff is all your own hair? What you been doing to it—burning it off with the curling irons or something? Or, is your hair just naturally falling out? Or what is it?

Is that the sure enough size of your head, then? Well, if it is, you'd be able to wear about a three and three-eighths man's size derby, wouldn't you, since you're so fond of talking about derbies? Seems queer I never had a peek before at the actual size of your head.

Now that I see it, why, many things are explained that hitherto have seemed inexplicable to me. Many things are excused, now that I've seen just what the size of your head is. Honest, I oughtn't to expect that you've got room there for many ideas to percolate around. It would be asking too much. Why don't you do something for your hair anyhow? Why don't you try some of these hair dopes that we see advertised in the cars? Try any old thing, for Heaven's sake! That's an awful sight to see, that little strand of hair you've got now.

How's that? I wouldn't have to see it if I went into the sitting room and read the papers or something till you finished dressing? Oh, don't take it so much to heart, you know. Anyhow, this is the only comfortable chair in the apartment—and of course, that being the case, you've grabbed it out for your own room—and I guess I'll stick around till you finish prettying up, if you ever expect to finish, that is.

But you ought to have something done with or for that hair of yours. How's that? You are having it treated? Treated by whom? Oh, that Swede girl that always comes romping in here just at dinner time and always on the days when I've almost starved. She gives you scalp massage, eh?

How long's she been scalp massaging you? Six months? Is that all the hair she's been able to grow on your head in six months? And you toss her a dollar the rub for that? Huh! If I couldn't grow more hair than that on a croquet ball inside of six months I'd go to work in the tunnel, and you can tell that Scandihoolihan girl what I said, with my compliments.

By the way, what's that bunch of stuff on your dresser that looks like the kidney sauté I used to have for breakfast at a little Vienna restaurant on Sixth avenue before I was married? Oh, that's your back hair puffs! Ho, ho! Great!

How d'ye tack 'em on, anyhow? Or do you glue 'em on, or slap 'em on with bill poster's paste? I s'pose women, when they get those things on, really imagine that they're fooling men with 'em—that men actually imagine them to be on the level hair—don't they?

What's that fur cap with the top torn off that you're putting on now? Oh, that's your rat, eh? Well, it looks the part all right. I thought you were fixing up as a Russian mujik to attend a masquerade ball or something, with that big round thing on your head.

Huh! Well, you've got your hair all fixed now, haven't you? I'm bound to say that it looks all right at that—but wouldn't it be fine if about one-ninetieth of it was your own, hey?

What's that mess of crayons in the little box? Huh! Nix, I'm not going out of here. I feel all right where I am. A cat can look at a king or a kingess, can't he? Who's criticising? I'm only wondering about things a little, that's all.

Well, well, what jays and rubes and pinheads men are to fall for all of these deadfalls and traps and things that women frame up on 'em, and what a yap——

Huh? Hook you up the back? Oh, sure. This is one of those 500 button dresses, too, isn't it? Why the dickens couldn't you have kept the maid here to do that infernal job for you? Here, turn around, won't you? Say, can you stand still for a millionth part of a second?

Next time you rope me in for a job like this you'll know it. Look-a-here, are you going to stand still so's I can hook this dingwhoppled thing or aren't you?

Youthful Japanese Horseman.

From the Japan Advertiser.

Toru Tateishi, 14 years old, son of a prominent lawyer in Fushima city, is appointed by the Government to proceed to Budapest, Austria Hungary. The young lad is to learn the art of horse riding, of which he is an expert. All his expenses will be paid by the Department of Agriculture and Commerce.

The boy's mother, a bright and courageous woman, filled with Samurai spirit, was so pleased with the appointment that on the evening of the son's departure for Tokio she invited a large number of his young friends in honor of her son and bade him farewell at the railroad station in that cheerful unconcerned way just as if her son was going for a few days visit. He is to stay in Europe for three years.

GIRL JOCKEY WINNING RACES

DOROTHY KINCEL A WONDER OF THE NORTHWEST.

She Has Been Riding Two Years With Success—Understands Horses and Is Absolutely Fearless—Can Also Shoot, Jump Fences and Dance—Only 14.

A girl jockey has developed in the far West and according to reports has shown great form in races at State fairs and other meetings. "The girl jockey of the great Northwest" is the way the Western reporters refer to her. She is 14 and her name is Dorothy Kincel.

Her winter home is at Letcher, S. D. In the last two seasons she has ridden in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska. Her fame has spread throughout the Western country and the girl has hundreds of newspaper clippings that tell of her feats on horseback. The *Thoroughbred Record*, published at Lexington, Ky., had in its January issue the following notice of the girl:

"Much interest has been taken in the girl jockey who rode at the meetings throughout the West last summer. The girl, who is only 11 years old, is Dorothy Kincel and she is said to be a wonder when it comes to riding, having won many races throughout the Western circuit. She has signed a contract to ride for James Hand."

Relatives of the girl in the East say that her age is 14 and they are uncertain as to whether she is under contract for this season; but that she is a great natural jockey they say there is no doubt. She has scored a number of wins on crippled skates that seemed impossible, and as she always rides to win she has become a popular favorite among the racing public of the West.

The girl's mother accompanies her on all her trips and is constantly by her side when Dorothy is not actually in the saddle. The girl is said to have been born in the East, to have gone West when only 2 or 3 years old and to have grown up on a ranch. She is absolutely fearless among horses and has the sympathy and intuition necessary to get every ounce of speed out of her mounts.

In the Western country racing has not been reduced to the science it has in the East, and this girl exercises her own horses, rubs them down, bandages their legs and does other work of the kind that in the East is turned over to the stable hands.

The incidents in the girl's somewhat remarkable career are told by relatives of the family who have learned them from letters written by the girl's mother. One of her first mounts was a sorrel colt, Sunny Brook, that she broke herself. While she was handling him one day he bucked and threw himself into an open cellar. The girl kept her seat and came out on the horse's back.

Then she tried out a horse for speed that the people she was riding for thought of buying. The animal bolted the track, jumped a five foot barbed wire fence and landed on all four feet like a bucking horse. The spectators said no one could have stayed on the horse's back. Anyway, Dorothy didn't. She said:

"I simply shot straight to heaven, but they wouldn't let me in, so I came back to earth."

At one State fair where she lost the race she was half a neck ahead and apparently a sure winner when her horse broke his leg. Probably her most exciting experience was during a race late last year.

An untried horse was taken out of the pasture and was worked in as a "sleeper." He was an outlaw, as it afterward proved, and of a vicious disposition. While the girl was out on him in a warming up gallop he suddenly threw himself backward.

Dorothy was too quick for him and was on her feet before he was. She was unable to get hold of the bridle and the horse ran away. The crowd at first thought the girl jockey was killed, and in spite of the fact that she was unharmed made a great fuss about her riding the horse in the race.

When the runaway was brought back to her she said she was ready to mount him again, and addressing herself to the horse said: "I'll ride you now if you kill me." A number of people went to the secretary and protested against her riding the horse in the race, and the secretary had her remark to the horse repeated from the judges' stand.

"Then you ought to have heard them cheer," one of the spectators said later in telling of the race. "Ride him she did, and you may believe she made him turn that track some. Anyway she won the race and put several hundred dollars into the boss's pocket."

That determination to do or die of Dorothy's is what makes her a rider. She says:

"The horse is not to blame. It's bad treatment that makes him ugly and fear of him that makes a poor rider."

She never strikes a horse and never whips in a race unless her horse is really lazy, and she seems to know when she has all the speed a horse has got.

Dorothy is not tall for her age, but is of heavy build, weighing 107 pounds. She has a large hand and powerful shoulders. That she is muscular may be judged from the fact that she can pick up a hundred pound keg of nails with her finger ends.

Her mother hopes that this will be the girl's last summer on the racetrack. In speaking about her daughter Mrs. Kincel said:

"It is a hard life in some ways. When we were in Rock Rapids, Ia., Dorothy was under contract to ride in Sioux City for $100, her first race being on Saturday afternoon. She had not finished her race in Rock Rapids on Friday afternoon when the passenger train pulled out—the last train to get us to Sioux City in time—and she was riding when the freight that followed pulled in.

"There were lots of horses going and her mare, and such a hustling for that train! Sweaty horses, Dorothy in her jockey clothes and all the other jockeys! We rode all night in an old box car, as the caboose was full of drinking men. It was that or be $100 out of pocket.

"You see the life is hard. But the girl makes good money for two or three months that helps to support us and send her to school. This winter she has been in what would be called the ninth grade in the East.

"Best of all, she has not been spoiled. If they cheer her—and she never steps onto a racetrack but what they begin to cheer her when they see her coming, even off at a distance—she simply doffs her cap to the judges and the grand stand and mounts. She never pays any attention to the demonstration that is made. She is all business.

"She won't talk horse and is rather short answered to those who want to talk to her, sometimes even rude.

"Only once have I ever had to scold her and that was two years ago when I caught her playing dice on the grass in front of the stall with another jockey. Imagine it! She had won 40 cents worth of candy from him. She knows better now, though. It did look cunning, for she was so small then.

"The regular racing season out in the Northwest does not begin until June, but Dorothy has to drop her schooling in March because she has to begin then to exercise her horses. This takes up half a day, and necessarily during the warm hours.

Last year she rode for three brothers. One of them had a colt on which he put a heavier rider than Dorothy. The animal bolted into a tree, lamed a shoulder and broke three ribs. After he got well he was turned over to Dorothy, who started him in a race and won first money.

This season her employers have Montauk Nell, Lady Nurnauth and Greenwich, a two-year-old in May, on whom she has to put a saddle this spring.

This girl is a true daughter of the prairies. She is a splendid shot with a rifle and can fire from her horse as well as on the ground. She can jump a fence 3 feet 11 inches high with a run of fifteen feet. She can run 50 yards in 6 3-5 seconds and she is the most graceful dancer in all the country round.

One incident will show that she is fully competent to take care of herself. At a dance in Alta, Ia., a man under the influence of liquor asked her for a kiss. She did not answer or look at him. He kept bothering her and finally put his hand on her shoulder. She said:

"Take your hand off and go about your business or I'll slap your face."

"Why, you wouldn't be so mean, you couldn't do it," he said, and then tried to kiss her.

She struck the man full in the face and others then put him out.

The girl's plans for this season have not fully been made. She says she would dearly love to ride a really good horse in a big race, but she sees no prospect of getting out of South Dakota.

TO EUROPE ON $300 FOR TWO.

A Ten Weeks Wheeling Trip Administered to a Sick Husband.

"Two years ago my husband and I took a ten weeks wheeling trip through England at a cost of a little less than $300," declared a young woman who a few years ago gave up her place as teacher in a public school in a Western city to marry a New York man clerking in a bank on a salary not far above $1,200 a year. "My husband had been sick and the doctors ordered rest and out of door life. They also told me that above all I must keep him amused.

"Such directions are not easy to follow when one's bank account is as limited as ours. I made up my mind that since we had to go somewhere it would be across the Atlantic. Before telling my husband of my plans I made inquiries at all sorts of places.

"I found out that about the cheapest desirable crossing would be by sailing direct for Glasgow. A good second cabin passage by that route cost us $60 apiece for the round trip. From the Christian Association and other sources I obtained addresses of good boarding places at reasonable prices.

"When all this was accomplished I placed the matter before my husband with the statement that I was anxious to get off as soon as possible. We were both bicycle enthusiasts, so I was sure he wouldn't complain at that feature.

"As I had determined not to spend a dime more than was necessary we bought nothing extra for the trip. We went in our old clothes, just as though we were starting out for a run to Albany or any other trip which would consume several days. Besides the change of clothes packed in my husband's cloth covered waterproof knapsack we had one small steamer trunk. This I knew could be shipped from place to place in such a manner as to meet us when necessary.

"To begin with, our trip over consumed eleven days. We found our cabin perfectly comfortable, the food excellent and plenty of room on deck. As we were travelling second cabin on an inexpensive line large tips were not expected of us, so I gave only $1 in that way.

"Landing in Glasgow, we had to apply for lodgings at three of the addresses with which I had supplied myself before getting suitable accommodations. The people were all pleasant and did all they could toward directing us, so we looked upon this experience as to our advantage, as it gave us an opportunity to see the city at once.

"Of the many trips which are laid down to be taken from Glasgow my husband selected that crisscrossing the island to London. This led us to Stirling, to Edinburgh, then to Carlisle, then to Kenwick and through the Lake country, to York, Chester, Liverpool and through Warwickshire to London. We were on the road something like four weeks, and our expenses when wheeling were seldom more than a dollar apiece a day.

"Twice I fancied that a rest would be best for him, so I decided that a train ride would be good for my health. This brought the cost up somewhat. In London cheap lodgings were plentiful and good edible food at a low price to be had at every corner.

"Yes, the dollar a day expense allows for admittance to the various ruins and buildings of interest together with a modest tip for the person who showed us through. At Kenilworth we had the good fortune to meet a party of Americans who had come in their automobile with ample provisions for the day. They were Westerners, and they knew my home town and cordially urged us to share their lunch with them. It was a jolly meal and a pleasant break in our sightseeing. Two days later we met them again in Stratford, and they insisted on our shipping our wheels by train and taking a day's run with them back to Warwick, which for some particular reason they were especially anxious to see.

"In London we paid for lodgings near Russell Square $2.25 a week. Here, as there were more places of interest to see, the fees added somewhat to our expense account, though never enough to make me fear the outcome.

"It was because of friends in London and my husband's determination that I should see them that I took a dressy frock. It was a dark foulard silk trimmed with white lace, with hat, shoes, gloves and underwear to go with it. This suit, together with my wheel suit and two fresh muslin shirt waists, made me presentable at a week end visit to the home of one of these friends. Had it not been for these friends I am sure we could have taken our trip and returned home very comfortably without the foulard dress and my husband's dinner suit.

"Besides this dinner suit he carried his ordinary business suit, a bicycle suit, which consisted of a pair of half worn short trousers, a flannel shirt and a sweater which I had knitted. There were two extra flannel shirts and three union suits of knitted cotton. My wheeling outfit comprised a short skirt, far from new, a pair of heavy high boots, a short blue sateen petticoat, three union suits of cotton gauze, two china silk shirt waists and two pairs of corsets.

"We both bought new winter suits in London and a few pairs of gloves, but as they did not amount to $100 apiece we had no duty to pay and no trouble with the customs officials on our return. My husband came back a well man and by no means broke so far as our bank account was concerned."

STREET CAR COLORS.

The Once Universal Yellow Giving Way to Hues of Striking Variety.

The Second avenue surface cars are now being repainted, the new distinguishing color seleetod for the line being a bright, clear medium shade of blue. A repainted Second avenue car that had come to a halt in Astor place at Broadway was in this attractive color and, with lettering in silver and all in fresh varnish, handsome enough to make people stop to look.

Pretty much if not quite all of the Third avenue surface cars have now been repainted in their old original color, red.

The cars of the Metropolitan lines, so long painted yellow, the color adopted for all the lines when they were under Metropolitan's control, have now nearly all been repainted in their new distinguishing color, dark green.

So New York's once universal street car color, yellow, will soon disappear entirely, supplanted by others strikingly different from it and in striking variety.